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THE
TENTH
SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,
English and Latin.

The English by Tho Shadwell.

With Illustrations upon it.

Licensed, May 25. 1687.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *D. Mallet*, for *Gabriel Collins* at the Middle-
Temple Gate in *Fleetstreet.* 1687.

THE
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T O

Sir Charles Sidley.

S I R,
YOU have so many years together pursued me with your Favour and Bounty, that I ought to have been alwaies upon the Watch for an opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. Your late great obligation in giving me the advantage of your Comedy, call'd *Bellamira*, or the *Mistress*, has given me a fresh subject for my Thanks; and my Publishing this *Translacion* affords me a new opportunity of owning to the World my grateful resentments to you. I am heartily glad that your Comedy (as I never doubted) found such success, that I never met with any Man of Sence but applauded it: And that there is abundance of Wit in it, your *Enemies* have been forced to confess. For some you have, though I cannot but wonder why you should have any, who are so careful in all your *Actions*, that you never injure any *Gentleman*: and so void of *Scurrilitie* in all your *Conversation*, that I never heard you speak ill of one behind his back: a vice too often practised among our *English Gentry*. But there will be alwaies *Enemies* to *Wit* and *Common Sence*, who for that reason cannot be *Friends* to you. For the Judgment of some *Ladies* upon it that it is *obscene*, I must needs say they are *Ladies* of a very quick apprehension, and did not their thoughts lye very much that way, they could not find more *obscenity* in that than there is in every other Comedy. These *Nymphs* though they are so over nice in words, may perhaps, be frank enough in their actions. And I have known the time when they would have been more favourable to you. The great favour you did me, in giving me

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this

The Epistle Dedicatory.

this Play, with all the rest of your obligations to me, as I will never forget, so I shall be alwaies proud of an occasion to boast of so good a *Patron*; who uses me not as some *supercilious* Men would (who do good meerly out of *Vanity*) as a troublesome hanger on: But treats me with the civility and kindness of a Friend. And I have had the honour to have alwaies found as much of both from him, as if I had obliged him in receiving, as much as he me in conferring his benefits.

It is honour enough for me, that I have from my *Youth* Lived in yours, and, as you know, in the *favour* of the *wittiest men of England*, your familiar friends and acquaintance, who have encouraged my Writings; and suffer'd my Conversation. I mean not any of the *profess'd Poets*; for I take none of them to be of that *Rank*, and most of 'em God knows are far enough from it. But it has happen'd in our time, that some few men of *Quality* have been much the *greatest wits* of the age, nor do I think *England* ever produced so great in any age; the loss of two of which, the *Earl of Rochester*, and the *Duke of Buckingham*, we who had the honour to be acquainted with them can never bewail enough.

After all this I must think I hope without *vanity*, that the Author of *Mack-Fleckno* reflects more upon himself than me; where he makes *Fleckno* commend *Dulness*, and chuse me for the *Dullest* that ever writ; and repeats *dull, dull, &c.* over and over: indeed he gives his own *dullness* a civiller term, and calls it being *Saturnine*. But sure he goes a little too far in calling me the *Dullest*, and has no more reason for that, than for giving me the *Irish* name of *Mack*, when he knows I never saw *Ireland* till I was three and twenty years old, and was there but four Months.

Besides as I have heard you observe the foundation of that *Libel* is *false* and *unnatural*; for tho some may have mistaken *dulness* for *wit*, and commended it as such; yet no man ever commended *Dullness* as *dulness*.

Had

The Epistle Dedicatory:

Had he staid till he had supplied the *Stage* with more new *humour* then I have done, or till he had written a better *Comedy* then *Epsom Wells*, or the *Virtuoso* (neither of which by the way are taken from a *Novel*, or stolen from a *Romance*) he might with a better *Grace*, and more *Authority* have pronounced me *dull*. But he is not content with that, but has another sling at me for playng upon the *Lute*. I must confels that that and all other Gentleman-like Exercises, which I was capable of Learning, my Father was at the charge of, and let the Libeller make his best of it.

I hope Sir you will not think me guilty of *Arrogance* in my own *Vindication*, especially since there have been such strong endeavours to depress me, and by those who had least reason to do it

It is hard to believe that the supposed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno* is the real one, because when I taxed him with it, he denyed it with all the *Execrations* he could think of. However my *Dullness* admits of an excuse, because I endeavour to avoid it all I can. But had I been base or dishonest, I could have made none, yet if he pleases to let my *Reputation* alone, I shall not envy him the *Fame* he has.

And now Sir 'tis time to give you an account why I publish this Translation. I have I must confesse ever look'd upon Translating as a difficult, and irksom piece of *Drudgery*, and below any man who had a genius of his own, and have been as much averse to it as I should be to the making of a *Dictionary*: For though both of 'em are works of publick benefit, yet they are unpleasant all the while.

I was provoked to this first by the supposed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno*, who saies in another Pamphlet; that to his knowledge, I understand neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, though in *Bury School* in *Suffolk*, and *Cajus Colledge* in *Cambridge*, the places of my Youthful Education, I had not that reputation, and let me tell him he knows the contrary.

And Second'ly by another *Writer*, who (without any provocation whatsoever, I having seen him but once in my Life,
when

The Epistle Dedicatory.

when he was pleas'd to thank me for a civility I did him.) abused me after that in Print, where he saies *Bavius* and *Mevius* ought to have been reserved by Fate to be Translated by me and *Settle*. I will not compare my self with him, but I leave it to him to consider, whether *Settle* has not out-done all that he has yet produc'd in Poetry. It was at best an ungentile thing in his friend, who suffer'd those Verses to be prefix'd to his Book, since I had never given him the least offence, or so much as seen him.

But to trouble you Sir with no more Digressions of this kind, I have endeavour'd in this Translation to come as near the words and thoughts of my Author, as my skill in both Languages could enable me. I have omitted no part of his Sense, nor have I varied from it, nor added to it, but in some few places where it was necessary to a meer English Reader, for explanation. I will not say as a *Cock Translator* does of *Lucretius* and *Virgil*, that he has added nothing but what he is confident the Authors would themselves were they now Living, by which arrogant saying he would insinuate that his *Genius* is much like theirs, or equal with them.

I have not endeavour'd to make it an *English Poem*, nor to fit it to our *Customs* and *Manners*, but to retain the *Roman* ones, and as much as ever I could to preserve the *Spirit* of the *Author*; and to that end have made it as much a *Translation* as I could. For I have observ'd in all *Paraphrases* upon the *Greek* and *Roman Authors* of the first Rank, the *Strength* and *Spirit* of them is deaded, and in some quite lost.

At best the thoughts of those *Paraphrastical Writers*, mixing with those of such noble Authors, look like patches of homely Wollen upon the richest Silk. Because the *modern* ages have produced no *Genius* like theirs; the imaginations must be very different and unequal; and methinks such *Poems* go down like *Wine* of two tastes. Some by *Paraphrasing* do nothing but beat out the Sense thinner, as *Gold-Beaters* do *Gold*.

In keeping close to my *Author*, I am forced to make my *Periods* sometimes in the middle of Lines; contrary to the late

late English practise : and I have alwaies chosen rather to make a rough Verse, than to loose the Sense of *Juvenal*. Tho I must needs say, I do not think great smoothness is required in a *Satyr*, which ought to have a *severe* kind of roughness, as most fit for *reprehension*, and not that gentle smoothness, which is necessary to *insinuation*.

I have added some *Notes* or *Illustrations* upon the *Satyr*, some being necessary to all who are not conversant with the Author, though otherwise good Schollars: And for the sake of those who are not such, I have added more. So that (as it was my chief end) I hope I have made the *Original* clearly to be understood by any one who is the least a *Grammarian*. And, if I find this *Essay* to be favourably received, I will go on with the rest of the *Author*, in which I have already made some progress. Though I can only do it by way of diversion, I having more material business upon my hands at this time.

My friend Mr. *Higden* has made an ingenious *version* of this *Satyr*, but in other *Numbers*, and a different way, so that we shall not interfere one upon another.

I shall say nothing of the *Author* or his Life, till my *translation* grows into a larger *Volumne*. For the Dry *Criticks* who object that he is too severe and bitter, and that his *Satyrs* are more fit for *Declamations* than *Poems*, I think them not worth the answering. I have chosen this *Satyr* to give the Reader as a *Sample* ; it being one of the *wisest*, and *noblest* in the Book ; wherein any man may perceive the difference between the *Wisdom* and *Dignity* of true Roman *Satyr*, and the *Levity* and *baseness* of false English *Libells*. But Sir I ask your pardon for troubling you so long, and now shall only assure you that I am proud of any opportunity of Publishing to the World that I am,

Sir, Your most obliged humble Servant.

THO. SHADWELL.

Postscript.

I have prefixt before my Translation of this *Satyr*, a version of that famous Answer of *Cato* to *Labienus*, who would have him consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon* in the *Lybian* Deserts.

Full of the God (within his silent Breast)
 Words worthy of the Oracle h' exprest.
 What *Labienus* would y^e inquire if I:
 As a free *Roman*, had not rather dye
 Bravely in Arms, than stoop to * *Monarchy*?
 If we in Life can any value see?

}
}

* *Monarchy*
 from the
 time of the
 Tarquins,
 was become
 odious to
 Romans,
 and Cato
 was the
 most obsti-
 nate of all
 the Repub-
 licans.

Or whether long or short much different be,
 If any violence can depress the brave?
 Or *Fortunes* threats force against *Virtue* have.
 Are great attempts by not succeeding less?
 Does a brave act grow braver by success?
 We of these truths such full conviction find,
Heav'n cannot fix them deeper in the mind.
 We all on God, as parts of him depend;
 There does the mighty chain begin and end.
 Were Temples silent, the Almighty will,
 Spight of our selves, we cannot but fulfill.
Heav'n needs no voice, to tell us what to do,
 At first it plants in man all he should ever know.
 Nor could a God so narrowly provide
 For human kind, in these parch'd Sands to hide
 Truth for a few, to all the rest deny'd.
 Where can you think the Seat of God to find,
 But in *Earth*, *Sea*, or *Air*, *Heav'n*, or a *Virtuous* mind?
 Why should we seek him farther then? for he
 Is where'soe're you move, and what'soe're you see.
 Let doubtful men their *Fortune Tellers* try,
 And *Anxious* into future chances Pry
 No Oracle can e're my doubt secure
 But certain *Death*; that does my mind assure.
 Impartial *Death* that strikes alike at all,
 As well the Coward as the Brave must fall.

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Cardo ad Labienum, *Lucan. lib. 9.*

Ille Deo plenus tacita quem mente gerebat
 Effudit dignas aditis è pectore voces
 Quid Quari Labiene iubes? an liber in Armis
 Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre?
 An sit vita nihil? sed longa an differat Aetas?
 An noceat vis ulla bonis? Fortunaq; perdat
 Opposita Virtute minas? laudandaq; Velle
 Sit satis? & nunquam successu Crescat honestum?
 Scimus: & hoc nobis non altius inserit Ammon
 Haremus cuncti superis: Temploq; tacente
 Nil facimus non sponte Dei; nec vocibus ullis
 Numen eget: Dixitq; semel nascentibus Autor
 Quicquid scire Licet. Steriles nec Legit Arenas
 Ut caneret paucis merfitq; hoc pulvere Verum.
 Estne Dei sedes nisi Terra & Pontus & Aer?
 Et Calum & Virtus? superos quid quarimus ultra?
 Jupiter est quodcunq; vides quocunq; moveris
 Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq; futuris
 Casibus ancipites. Me non oracula certum
 Sed Mors certa facit, Pavidio fortiq; Cadendum est.

JUVENAL Satyr X.

IN all the Earth, between the wide extremes
 Of (1) *Gades* West, and Eastern (2) *Ganges* Streams
 Free from a Cloud of Error few have skill
 To know what's truly good for 'em, or ill,
 With Reason what do we desire or fear?
 (3) What do you aim at (be it ne're so dear)
 Or *luckily begun*) but when 'tis gain'd,
 You soon repent you of your wish obtain'd?
 What Families the (4) easie Gods o'rethrow,
 Granting those *Pray'rs* they make themselves t' undo!
 For *harmful Offices* we blindly pray
 In Peace, as well as War, not seldom they,
 Who flow with purest streams of *Eloquence*,
 Show those rich Torrents at their lives expence:
 (5) *Milo* confiding in the wondrous strength
 Of Brawny arms, perish't by that at length,
 But most by *Wealth* (rak'd up with *anxious care*)
 Exceeding usual *Patrimonies* farr }
 As (6) *Brittish Whales* do *Dolphins* ruin'd are
 In *Nero's* bloody times, *Troops of arm'd hands*
 Begirt (7) *Longinus* House, at his commands,
 And, in his *Princely Gardens*, did enclose
 The too rich (8) *Seneca*, and Besieged the house
 Of (9) *Lateranus*; but they we're infest.
 The (10) *Garret*, or the poor mans Room molest.
 Though Journeying you but little *Silver* bear
 By Night, a *Sword*, or (11) *Quarter staff* you fear;
 And a *Reeds* motion in a Moon-light Night
 Shall make you quake and tremble with the fright.
 While the poor man void of all precious things
 In Company with *Thieves* jogg's on and Sings.
 Almost the best, and most known (12) *vows* are these
 In all the *Temples*, may our *Wealth* encrease;
 Our *Treasure* swell, and may our *Chest* alone
 Be for its lageness in the (13) *Forum* known.

No

JUVENAL *Satyr* X.

Omnibus in Terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usq;
 Aurorem, & Gangem pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atq; illis multum diversa, remota
 Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timeamus,
 Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede consipis, ut te
 Conatus non peniteat votiq; peracti?
 Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis
 Dii faciles, nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur
 Militia, Torrens dicendi copia multis
 Et sua mortifera est facundia. Viribus ille
 Confusus periiit admirandisq; Lacertis.

Sed plures nimia congesta pecunia curâ
 Strangulat, & cuncta extuperans patrimonia census,
 Quanto Delphinis Balana Britannica major.

Temporibus diris igitur jussuq; Neronis
 Longinum, & magnos Seneca Prædixit hortos
 Clausit, & egregios Lateranorum obsidit Aedes
 Tota Cohors: varus venit in Canacula Miles.

Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri
 Nocte iter ingressus, gladium Contumq; timebis,
 Et mota ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram,
 Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima Templis
 Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes, & maxima toro
 Nostra sit Arca Foro.

No Poyson is in Earthen (14) Vessels brought
 In Gold adorn'd with (15) Gems beware each draught.
 When in widebowls there (16) sparkles (17) Setine Wine,
 How do you then approve his wife Design,
 (18) Who with continual scorn did Laughter vent?
 When 'ere one step beyond his Doors he went?
 O'th' contrary, (19) Another still did wait.
 To laugh at silly things we cannot fail.
 But what prodigious Fountain could supply,
 For each occasion, moisture to his eye?
 Perpetual Laughter did the Lungs excite,
 Of Wise Democritus the Abderite.
 Yet no (20) Prætexta, nor no (21) Trabea there,
 No (22) Litters, (23) Fasces, nor (24) Tribunals were:
 Had he within the dusty (25) Circus been
 And our vain (26) Prætor, with exalted meen }
 (27) Standing within his lofty Charriot seen : }
 In (28) Joves embroyder'd Coat, and Tyrian Gown,
 Hung with a Mantle from his Shoulders down, }
 Large as a Piece of Tap'stry with a Crown, }
 An orb too large for one neck to sustain,
 His (29) publick servant, with much sweat and pain;
 Behind him does those weighty Ensigns bear,
 And in that very Charriot must appear.
 Not pleas'd too much must the great Consul be,
 With him a slave to * check his Pride we see,
 Add th' (30) Pury Scepter which the Prætor bears.
 On which the Eagle upon wing appears;
 Here the loud Cornets march, and there before,
 Long Troops of (31) Clients, and of Slaves great store:
 A train of (32) white rob'd Citizens attends.
 (33) The Charriot Wheeles, which mercenary friends
 (34) The Sportula did make: How had his spleen
 Been exercis'd if he all this had seen?
 Who could in all Assemblies of Mankind
 (Then wiser much) just cause of Laughter find,
 His wondrous prudence plainly does declare.

————— sed nulla aconita bibuntur
 Fictilibus : tunc illatime, cum pocula sumes
 Gemmata, & lato Sestinum ardebit in auro.
 Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
 Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
 Protuleratq; pedem : flebat contrarius alter ?
 Sed facilis cuiusvis rigidi censura ceciliini :
 Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffererit humor.
 Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
 Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis.
 Prætexta & Trabea, Fasces, Lætica, Tribunal.
 Quid sic vidisset Prælorem curribus altis
 Exstantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere Circi
 In tunica Jovis & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
 Ex humeris Aulea toga, magnaq; corona
 Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla ?
 Quippe tenet sudans hunc publicus, & sibi Consul
 Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
 Da nunc & volucrem, sceptrum, quæ surgit eburno,
 Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
 Agminis officia & niveas ad frons Quirites,
 Defossa in loculis, quos sportula fecit amicos
 Tum quoq; materiam risus invenit ad omnes
 Occursus hominum, cujus prudentia monstrat :

A boggy soil, a dark and foggy Air
 The Gountrey full of Sheepheads may give birth
 To greatest men, and best examples upon Earth.
 He laugh'd at *Vulgar business*, *Vulgar cares*,
 He both their joy derided, and their Tears.
 When threatening Fortune seem'd on him to frown,
 Upon her power he could look bravely down ;
 With scorn he pointed at her, and could say
 Be hang'd, whilst ev'ry thing for which we pray,
 And fix with (35) Wax our vows upon the knees
 Of all the most propitious Deities,
 Is or superfluous, or pernicious known,
 Some from high power by envy headlong thrown,
 (36) Some by inscriptions fill'd with each degree
 Of all their Noble Titles, ruin'd be ;
 Their Statues are with Halters (37) drag'd about
 The Streets, as objects for the scoffing Rout.
 The (38) Charriot Wheels must feel the Axes stroke,
 And the poor innocent Horses Legs be broke.
 Now the Smiths Forges hiss, the Bellows play,
 And that same head so much ador'd to day,
 That head, red hot within the fire became,
 And great *Sejanns* crackled in the flame.
 Mechanicks soon from that so Worship't face
 Which bore in all the World the second place,
 Forge little Platters, and small water Cans
 With Basons, Chamber-pots, and Frying-pans.
 With (39) Laurel Garlands be our Houses Crown'd;
 Make hast and let the large White Bull be found,
 And drawn to Capitolian Jove ; for now
Sejanns is become a publick show :
 (41) Drag'd by a Hook, fix'd in his throat, and all
 The *Vulgar* shout at this great Fav'rites fall.

[6]

Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturor
 Veruicam in patrio crassoq; sub aëre nasci.
 Ridebat curas necnon & gaudia vulgi.
 Interdum & lacrymas, cum fortuna ipse minaci
 Mandaret laqueum, mediumq; ostenderet unguem.
 Ergo supervas aut pernitiosa peruntur,
 Propter qua fas est genua incerare Deorum.
 Quosdam præcipitas subiecta potentia migne
 Invidia, mergit longa atq; insignis honorum
 Pagina, descendunt Statua restemq; sequuntur.
 Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impata securis
 Cedit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
 Jam st. ident ignes, jam folibus atq; caminis
 Ardet adoratum populo caput, & erepat ingens
 Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
 Fiunt uricoll, pelves, sartago, patella.
 Pone domi lauros, duo in Capitolia migram,
 Cretatumq; bacem. Sejanus accitit in uoca
 Spectandus: gaudet omnes.

(42) Bless me what ugly *blabber-lipps* had he!
A hanging look ! and, if you'l credit me,
This fellow I could never once abide.

(43) Can you tell pray for what great crime he dyed?
Who the *Informer*? who the *Evidence*?
What *Ouvert Act*? what proof of his Offence?

(44) None, none of these, but a long (45) Letter sent
From (46) *Caprea*, full of words and Eloquent.

(47) 'Tis well, I shall enquire no more : (48) what now
Does all the crowd of *Roman People* do?

It alwaies follows Fortune, and does hate

All who are wretched, and condemned by Fate.

Her (49) *Tuscan*s cause had Goddess *Nurscia* blest,

And the secure old *Emperour* been oppress,

Sejanus it had call'd this very hour,

Augustus, and saluted *Emperour*.

Romans, since they no (50) *suffrages* could boast

Supinely careles, all great thoughts have lost.

Who *Fasces Legions Empire* all things gave,

But two poor things solicitously crave,

That they may (51) *bread*, and *Games* 'th *Circus* have :

(52) Yet many more there are condemn'd I hear.

No doubt. (53) the *Emperours* rage does hot appear.

I met *Brutidius* pale and wan with fear,

At *Mars* his *Altar*, looking as (54) hee'd kill

Himself, like *Ajax*, when his cause succeeded ill.

Lets run with speed while yet the *Carthage*s lies

Upon the *bank* under the *Gemonies*,

That we may spurn at *Casars* Enemy.

Call all our *Slaves*, and let 'em all stand by,

Least any of them should the fact deny.

And therefore should their trembling *Masters* draw

Bound by their necks, to tryal of the Law.

—————qua labra? quis illi
 Vultus erat? nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
 Hunc hominem: sed quo cecidis sub eximine; quisnam
 Delator? quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit?
 Nil horum: verbosa & grandis Epistola venit
 A Capreis: bene habet; nil plus interrogo, sed quia
 Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
 Damnatos, idem Populus, si Nurscia Tusco
 Favisset, si oppressa foret secunda senectus
 Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora
 Augustum. Jam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 Vendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
 Imperium, Fasces, Legiones, omnia, nunc se
 Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat
 Panem & Circenses. Perituros audio multos.
 Nil Dubium: magna est fornacula: Pallidulus mi
 Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
 Quam timeo, victus ne panas exigat Ajax,
 Ut male defensus. Curramus precipites &
 Dum jacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
 Sed videant servi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
 Cervice obstricta Dominum trahat. —

Thus 'bout *Sejanus* they their thoughts declare,
 And thus the *Vulgars* secret murmurs are:
 Now would you have *Sejanus* wealth and pow'r,
 And be saluted as he was before?
 Give this 'ith *State*, the *Chief Authority*;
 To this 'ith' *Army* highest *Dignity*:
 Or would you *Guardian* of an *Emp'rour* reckon'd be?
 Who lulls himself in (56) narrow *Caprea's Grotts*
 With his lewd *herd* of *Astrologick Sots*?
 Should you desire to lead a mighty *Band*
 Of *Foot* and *Horse*, and the (57) *Prætorian Camp* command;
 I grant that thole may wish the power to kill,
 Who are too merciful to have the will.
 But what can *presp'rous Dignity* avail,
 When th' *ill* outwei'ghs the *good* in every *Scale*?
 Would you his noble *Purple Garment* wear,
 Who to the *Gemonies* is dragg'd, or bear
 In some small *City* small *Authority*?
 In homely woollen *Robes* some (58) *Ædile* be,
 And sit in *Judgment* over *measures* there,
 Breaking those *Vessels* which too small appear?
 You will confess *Sejanus* knew not then
 What things were fit to be desir'd by *men*.
 Who too great *wealth* or *honours* do acquire,
 But raise their *Tow'rs* so many *Stories* higher,
 T' encrease their *fall*, and make their *ruine* worse;
 Which from the *dreadful precipice* has greater *force*.
 What *Craſsus* or Great *Pompey* overthrew,
 Or (60) him who *Rome* did to his *last* *subdue*?
Chief Pow'r by all *vile artifices* gain'd,
 And *vows* from the *maligning Gods* obtain'd.

hi Sermones.

Tunc de Sejano, secreta hac murmura Vulgi.
 Visne saluari sicut Sejanus? habere
 Tantundem? atq; illi summas donare curules?
 Illum exercitiis praponere? Tutor haberi
 Principis Angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
 Cum grege Chaldaeo? vis certe pila, cohortes
 Egregios Equites, & castra domestica? quid ni
 Hec cupias? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam
 Posse volunt. Sed qua praeclara & prospera tanti
 Ut rebus latis par sit mensura malorum?
 Hujus qui trahitur Praetextam sumere mavis:
 An Fidenarum Gabiorumq; esse potestas?
 Et de mensura jus dicere, vasa minora
 Frangere, pannosus vacuis Aedilis Ulubris?
 Ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
 Sejanum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
 Et nimias poscebat opes: numerosa parabat
 Excelsa Turris tabulata: unde altior esset
 Casus & impulsa praecipue immane ruina.
 Quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit? & illum
 Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
 Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
 Magnaq; Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.

*Most Kings to Death by Blood and Slaughter go,
And a dry Death few Tyrants ever know.
The rawest Boy who scarce has con'd one Rule,
His little Slave bearing his Books to School,
During the space of those (61) five solemn days.
When are Minerva's rites perform'd still prays
He may the Fame, and Eloquence possess
Of Pow'rful Tully and Demosthenes.*

*When deadiy was their Wits oreflowing spring,
And (62) Death to both their Eloquence did bring.
For Wit those hands nail'd to the (63) Rostra were
That head cut off too, but the Rostra ne're
Did silly Lawyer with his Blood besmear.*

*(64) Oh Rome innate most fortunate in me,
When I thy Consul did consult for thee
Had he spoke alwaies thus; he safe.y might
Antonius rage, and bloody Cur-throats slight.
Of silly Verses I had rather be*

*Author, Divine (65) Philippick than of thee.
The second of Illustrious Fame 'gainst Antony.
So was th' admir'd Athenian snatch'd away
By sudden death, whose Eloquence could sway
Which way he pleas'd, and make whole (66) Theatres
Unhappy in his geniture, by th' hate (obey.
Oth' angry Gods, and his own evil Fate.*

*(67) Th' old Man by Fumes of red hot Metals made
Blear-ey'd remov'd, his Son from his own Trade,
From making Swords, the Anvil, Tongs and Coles,
From Smoaky Forges, sooty Vulcans Tools
To the most Farad Rhetoricians Schools.*

*Ad generum Cereris sine cade & Sanguine pauci
 Descendunt Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni.
 Eloquentium aut famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
 Incipit optare & totis Quinquatribus optat,
 Quisquis adhuc uno partem colit asse Minervam,
 Quem sequitur Custos, angusta vernula capsa,
 Eloquio sed uterq; perit Orator: utrumq;
 Largus & exundans Letho dedit ingenii fons.
 Ingenio manus est, & cervix caesa, nec unquam
 Sanguine Casidici maduerunt Rostra pusilli.
 O Fortunatam natam me Consule Romam!
 Antoni gladius posuit contemnere si sic
 Omnia dixisset, ridenda poemata malo,
 Quam Te conspicua, Divina Philippica fama
 Volueris a prima qua proxima. Sævus & illum
 Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athena
 Torrentem, & pleni moderantem frana Theatri.
 Diis ille adversis genitus, fatoq; sinistro,
 Quem Pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus
 A carbone & forcipibus gladiosq; parante
 Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad Rhetora misit.*

To

On (68) *Trophies* fixt the Spoils by Battel won,
 An *Helmet* cleft, the *Beaver* hanging down,
 A *Coat of Mayle*, a broken *Axletree*;
 A *Galley's Flag* obtain'd by *Victory*.
 On a (69) *Triumphant Arches* utmost height,
 A *Captive* with a look disconsolate,
 Then all our *Humane Goods* some value mote.
 The *Roman Grecian* (70) *Barbarous Emperour*
 Fiercely aspire at these, and from these Spoils,
 Arise their several *Dangers* and their *Toils* :
Virtue's less thirsted for than *Fame*, for who,
Her, for her self, *Rewardless* will pursue?
 Our Country yet by some, in Ancient days,
 Has ruin'd been for *Glorv* ; for vain *Praise* ;
 And swelling *Titles*, which they had impos'd
 On *Stones*, in which their *Ashes* were enclos'd.
 Those *Monuments* of *Stone* were yet so weak,
 Them the (71) wild *Fig-Tree* could in pieces break.
 The proudest *Tombs* have but a certain *Date*,
 And *Sepulchres* themselves must yield to *Fate*.
 Go weigh your *Hannibal*, how many pound }
 At length is of your mighty *General* found? }
 Yet *Africk* could not his *Ambition* bound }
 Whole *Western Shores* th' *Atlantick Ocean* beats : }
 And *Eastward* stretches out to (73) *Nilu's* Heats.

Bellorum exuvia truncis affixa Tropæis
Loricæ & fracta de casside buccula pendens.
Et cunctum remone jugum victaq; triremis
Aplustre, & summo tristis Captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusq; ac Barbarus induperator
Erexit: causas discriminis atq; laboris
Inde habuit. Tanto major Fama sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Premia si tollas? Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, & laudis tituliq; cupido
Hesuri saxi cinerum Custodibus: ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora fœcis:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoq; fata sepulchris.
Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in Duce summo
Invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa Oceano Nilog; admota repenti.

To (74) *Aethiopian* Inhabitants,
 And to a different kind of *Elephants* :
Spain must be joyn'd ; the (75) *Pyreneans* now
 Be pass'd ; Nature opposes th' (76) *Alpes* and Snow.
 Rocks he devided, and the Mountains he
 With (77) Vinegar broke, making his passage free ; }
 And takes possession then of *Italy*.
 Yet after all, says he ; still pressing on,
 My *Carthaginian* Troops have nothing done,
 Till we the Gates of *Rome* have overthrown,
 And fix'd our Banners in th' Heart of all the Town.
 Rare Visage, what a Picture 'twould appear,
 When the (70) *Getulian* Bast does th' one Ey'd General
 Oh *Glory* ! what of all was the event ? [bear !
 Conquer'd he headlong run to Banishment.
 The great and wonderous *Captive* in's Retreat,
 Is a poor (78) *Client* at a *Judgment Seat* :
 Meanly he waits his sad Addresse to make
 Till the (79) *Bythinian* Tyrant please to wake ;
 His Turbulent Life (which such Confusion hurl'd
 With Swords, Stones, Darts into the shaken world)
 By none of these could perish no one thing.
Vengeance for all the *Blood* he spilt, could bring,
 Or *Revenge* (80) *Canna*, but a little Ring.
 Run o're the rugged *Alps*, thou hot-brain'd Fool !
 To be declaim'd on, and pleate Boys at School.
 (81) *Philip's* fierce Son, one *World* too little found,
 And Frets, and Fumes poor Wretch ! within the narrow
 bound.

Rursus ad Æthiopium populos aliosq; Elephanta
 Additur Imperiis Hispania: Pyrenæum
 Transilit Opposuit natura Alpemq; nivemq;
 Diduxit scopulos & montem rupis ætæto.
 Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
 Actum, inquit, nihil est, nisi Pæno milite portas
 Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono suburrâ.
 O qualis facies & quali digna tabella
 Cum Getula Ducem portaret bellua luscum!
 Exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! vincitur idem
 Nempe & in exilium præceps fugit, atq; ibi magnus
 Mirandusq; Cliens sedet ad Prætoria Regis,
 Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare Tyranno.
 Finem animæ, qua res humanas miscuit olim
 Non gladii, non saxa dabant, nec tela sed ille
 Cannarum vindex & tanti sanguinis ultor.
 Annulus. I demens & savas curre per Alpes
 Ut pueris placeas & Declamatio fias.
 Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

D

Ut

As if in *Rocky* (82) *Gyara* he were pent,
 Or small (83) *Seriphus*. Yet he was content
 With a small *Coffin*, when to (84) *Babylon* he went
Death the plain-dealer does alone declare
How very little Great Mens Bodies are.
 (85) *Athos* 'twas thought was Sail'd about of old,
 And men believed all tales which lying *Greece* e're told.
 That all the (86) *Hellespont* from shore to shore
 Was pav'd with *Ships* and *Charriot-Wheles* run o're.
 While (87) *Xerxes* din'd th' innumerable fry
 Of this Great *host*, would drink deep *Rivers* dry, }
 As (88) *Sostratus* in's *Cups* was wont to lye.
 When (89) *Salamis* he left, what fate's behind
 For him who us'd to rage and (90) whip the wind?
Barbarian ! what lash (91) *Corus Enrus* too?
 Worse then ev'n (92) *Aeolus* would in their *Prisons* do:
 He did in *Chains* (93) *Earth-shaking Neptune* bind,
 And 'twas his mercy he had not design'd
 To (94) *Stigmatize* him like a *Slave* : what *God*
 Would not desire to be at such a *Hero's* nod?
 But how return'd he? slowly in one *Boat*
 Through shoals of bodies, which did round him float
 In b oody *Waves*. These are oftimes the pains
 Immoderate desire of *glory* gains :
Jove grant large space of life, and length of days
 With Confidence and vehemence one prays.

Ne're

Ut Gyarae clausus scopulis, parvaq; Seripho.
 Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverat Urbem
 Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur
 Quantula sint hominum corpuscula, creditur olim
 Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Gracia mendax
 Audet in historia; constratum classibus iisdem
 Suppositumq; rotis solidum mare. Credimus altos
 Defecisse amnes, epotaq; flumina Medo
 Prudente, & madidis cantat quæ Socratus alis.
 Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
 In Corum atq; Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
 Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
 Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum?
 Mitius id sane quod non & stigmate dignum
 Credidit, huic quisquam vellet servire Deorum?
 Sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave cruentis
 Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prorâ.
 Has toties optata exegit gloria pænas.
 Da spatium vitæ multos da Jupiter annos:
 Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.

Ne're thinking what continual griefs attend,
 And under what great ills *old age* does bend.
 A *Face deform'd*, of horrid colour grown,
 Unlike himself, his *flabby cheeks* hang down.
 'Stead of a *Skin* he has an ugly *hide*,
 With *r'd* and rough with wrinkles deep and wide,
 Such as in shady Woods of (95) *Tabraca*,
 On rivled Cheeks, old *Mother Ape* does claw:
 In *youth* there many great distinctions are
 One is more strong, the other is more fair.
 But in ali old mens Faces there's no choice,
Limbs paralytick, trembling is the *voise*,
 With a *bald pate*, and with a *nasty nose*.
 That's ever dropping as an *Infants* does,
 He mumbles bread between his toothless Gums.
 Irksome to's Wife, and Children he becomes.
 He's ev'n by *Cossa* loath'd, that abject *Knaave*,
 That *fawns* and *waits* a *Legacy* to have.
 Nor Wine nor Meat delight as in time past,
 His *Palate's* now benum'd h'as lost his taste,
 'Tis long, long, since a Woman he Embrac'd.
 A long forgetfulness has seiz'd the part
 Beyond the Cure of any Pains or Art.
 Tho' all the Night he dallies, 'tis in vain,
 It still does a poor *Chiterlin* remain.
 What pleasure can the weak Old Doting Fool,
 Expect from that infirm and Aged Tool?

Where

Sed quam continuis & quantis longa senectus
 Plena malis: deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum
 Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
 Pendentesque genas, & tales adspice rugas,
 Quales umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus
 In vetula scalpit jam mater simia bucca.
 Plurima sunt Juvenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
 Hoc, atque ille alio, multum hic robustior illo.
 Una senum facies, cum voce tremantia membra,
 Et jam laeve caput, madidiq; infantia nasi.
 Frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi.
 Usque adeo gravis Uxori, gnatisque sibi;
 Ut captatori moveat fastidia Collo.
 Non eadem vini, atque cibi torpente palato
 Gaudia: nam coitus jam longa oblivio: vel si
 Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus,
 Et, quamvis tota palpetur nocte, jacebit.
 Anne aliquid sperare potest hac inguinis agri
 Canities?

qui

Where *Lust* remains without *Ability*,
 Men must suspect unnatural *Letchery*
 Consider now another *Sence* declin'd,
 In choicest Songs no pleasure he can find,
 Sung by *Selencus*, or the best o'th' kind,
 Who all Embroider'd on the *Stage* appear
 Where e're he sits, the Songs he cannot hear,
 Cornets nor Trumpets, be he ne're ;
 His Boy must hallow what's a Clock in's Ear.
 In his *Cold Corps*, what little *Blood Remains*,
 Without a *Feaver*, ne're is warm in's *Veins* :
 In him what *Troops* of *Maladies* abound !
 And in his feeble *Carkass* dance their round !
 More than Adulterers *Hippia* e're enjoy'd,
 Or then sick Men by (97) *Themison* destroy'd
 In a whole *Autumne*, or the (98) *Associates*
 Plunder'd by (99) *Basilus*, or the *Estatcs*.
 (100) *Irus* from all his *Wards* got by foul play,
 More then the *Cullies* in a *Summers* day,
 (1) *Maura* e're drein'd ; and more then of his Boys,
 (2) *Hamillus* the lew'd *Pedagogue* enjoys.
 And more than of his *Villas* now are seen,
 (3) Who snap his *Fingers* at my youthful *Chin*:
 This Old Man's *Shoulders*, th' others reins, his *Thighs*
 Disabled are, this has lost both his *Eyes*:
 And envies him to whom one *Eye* is left,
 To this Man of the use of hands bereft,

—quid quod merito suspecta libido est,
Qua Venerem adfectat sine viribus? adspice partis
Nunc Damnum alterius. Nam qua cantante voluptas:
Sit licet eximius Citharado sive Seleucus,
Et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte Theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiet, atq; tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus est ut sentiat auris
Quem dicat venisse puer, quot nunciet horas.
Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis
Febre calet solâ: circumfluit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus; quorum si nomina quaras,
Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippiæ machos,
Quot Themison agros autumnus occiderit uno,
Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Irus
Pupillos: quot longa viros exsorbeat uno
Maura diæ, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus.
Percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & Luscis invidet.

Through his pale Lips, his Meat must others give.
 He gapes while others fingers him relieve.
 Yawn's like *young Swallows* (Meat being in their Eyes.)
 To whom, with her full Mouth the *hungry Mother* flies.
 But loss of Sense and Memory is more
 Grievous, than all his loss of Limbs before.
 Ev'n his own *Servants* Names he does forget,
 And his *Friends Face*, with whom last Night he Eat.
 Those he forgets whom he begot and Bred :
 For by his cruel will, they're disinherited.
 Which does his Wealth on (4) *Phiale* intail,
 So does the subtle Strumpets Mouth prevail,
 Who was so stale a prostituted Whore,
 That many Years she stood in the Stews Door :
 Suppose his Sense of mind when Old intire,
 He must behold his *Childrens* (5) *Funeral Fire*.
 His Lov'd *Wives Pile*, *Brothers* and *Sisters Urns*,
 And often for his num'rous Kindred Mourns,
 Who are by Death's repeated Blow destroy'd,
 With such like pains the long-liv'd Man's annoy'd.
 His Aged Heart with daily sorrow Bleeds,
 And he grows Old still in fresh Mourning Weeds.
 The (6) *Pyllan King* (if *Homer* you'll allow)
 For length of Life was reckon'd next the Crow.
 Happy so many Ages to withstand,
 Death's Blow, *counting his Tears on his Right-Hand*;
 And had so many *Aucumns* drunk *New Wine*,
 But how did he at *Fates Decrees* repine?

Pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis.
 Ipse ad conspectum cænæ diducere rictum
 Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
 Ore volat pleno viater jejuna. Sed omni
 Membrorum damno major dementia: quæ nec
 Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit Amici
 Cum quo præterita cænavit nocte, nec illos
 Quos genuit, quos eduxit. Nam codice sævo
 Hæredes vetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
 Ad Phialen: tantum artificis valet halitus oris
 Quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
 Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
 Funera gnatorum, rogos adspicendus amatae
 Conjugis, & fratris, plenæq; sororibus urnæ.
 Hæc data pæna diu viventibus, ut renovata
 Semper clade domus multis in luctibus, inque
 Perpetuo mærore & nigra veste senescant.
 Rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
 Exemplum vitæ fuit a cornice secundæ.
 Felix nimirum, qui tot per secula mortem
 Distulit, atq; suos jam dextra computat annos
 Quiq; novum toties mustum bibit. Oro parumper
 Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
 Fatorum,

And on his too long thread of Life exclaim ?
 When he beheld within the *Funeral flame*
 The fierce *Antilochus* his bearded Son ?
 To all his Friends long life he did bemoan,
 And ask'd them all for what *vile horrid crime*
 He had deserv'd to live till that *unhappy time* ?
 Thus *Peleus* mourn'd for his *Achilles* lost,
 For (8.) *Ithacus* Ten years on th' *Ocean tost*
Laertes thus complain'd. While flourishing *Troy*
 Yet unattempted, did full peace enjoy,
 Old (9) *Priam* might amidst those happy *hours*
 Have gone to th' *shades* of his *high Ancestours*.
 (10.) *Hector* with all his *Brothers* had the while
 Their *Fathers Corps* born to the *Funeral Pile*.
 (11.) *Cassandra* had the *weeping Matrons* led,
 And fair (12.) *Polyxena* her tears had shed,
 And rent her *Garnments*, for her *Father* dead.
 If he had dyed another time, ere yet
 (13.) *Paris* had rigg'd out his advent'rous *Fleet*.
 What did old Age avail him who saw all
 O'return'd ? By *Fire* and *Sword* saw *Asa* fall ?
 Th' *old Soldier* then his *Regal Crown* laid by,
 And his forgotten *Arms* again did try ;
 And shaking, to (14.) *Joves Altar* ran, ev'n so
 Th' *old* (15.) *Ox* despis'd by the *ungrateful Plow*,
 T' his *Masters Knife* his wretched neck does bow.

His

[26]

——— & nimio de flamine, cum videt aeris
 Antilochi barbam ardentem: cum quærit ab omni
 Quisquis adest socius, cur hæc in tempora duret,
 Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo?
 Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
 Atq; alius, cui fas Ithacon lugere natantem.
 Incolumi Troja Priamus venisset ad umbras
 Assaraci magnis solemnibus, Hectore funus
 Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
 Iliadum lacrymas, ut primos edere planctus
 Cassandra inciperet, scissaq; Polyxena palla:
 Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non
 Cæperit audaces Paris edificare carinas.
 Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
 Eversa, & flammis Asiam, ferroq; cadentem.
 Tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara,
 Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos
 Qui Domini cultris tenue & miserabile collum
 Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.

His was a *human death*, the *Wife* he left
 Behind him of *humanity* bereft,
 Wast to a (14.) *Bitch* transform'd most *fierce* and *foul*,
 And with wide open *Jaws* did *bark* and *howl*.
 To come to *Romans* now, and to let go
 The (15.) King of *Pontus* and rich (16.) *Cræsus* too.
 Whom the *Oraculous Solon* did direct
 That he should on his *latter end* reflect.
 That Banish'd *Marius* to *Minturnæ*, fled,
 Hid in those *Fenns*, torn thence, to *Prison* led,
 At length in conquer'd *Carthage* beg'd his *Bread*.
 Came from *long life*: For what more happy 'ere
 Did *Rome* or *Nature* on the *Earth* yet bear?
 When him vast *Troops of Captives* did surround,
 And all the *Pomps of War* his *Triumph* Crown'd
 If at that time his *glorious Life* had ended
 When from the *Teuton's Chariot* he descended,
 On *Pompey* kind *Campania* bestows
 Feavers were to be wilt; but *publick Vows*,
 And *Prayers* of many *Cities* did o'come,
 And *Pompey's Fortune* joyn'd with that of *Rome*
 Sav'd him to (19.) lose his *Head*. Such *Butchery*
 Fate did to bloody (20.) *Lentulus* deny.
 Ev'n *Trayterous* (21.) *Cethegus* fell intire
 And (21.) *Catiline* with a whole *Carkas* did expire.
 (23.) The *anxious Mother* begs at *Venus* Fane
 That she may beauty for her *Boys* obtain
 In *gentle murmurs*: But her voice does raise
 When for the beauty of her *Girls* she prays;
 This is her most delightful prayer: quoth she,
 Why do you blame whats piety in me?

[28]

*Exitus ille utcunq; hominis : sed torva canino
 Latravit rictu, quæ post hunc vixerat, Uxor.
 Festino ad nostros, & Regem transeo Ponti,
 Et Cræsum, quem vox iusti facunda Solonis
 Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.
 Exsilium & carcer Minturnarumq; paludes
 Et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis,
 Hinc causas habuere. Quid illo Cive tulisset
 Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam,
 Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
 Bellorum pompa, animam exhalasset opimam,
 Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
 Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
 Optandos : Sed multæ Urbes & publica Vota
 Vicerunt. Igitur fortuna ipsius, & Urbis
 Servatum victo caput abstulit. Hoc cruciatu
 Lentulus, hac pæna caruit, ceciditq; Cethegus
 Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.
 Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
 Murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia Mater
 Usq; ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen inquit
 Corripias?*

— pulcra

(24.) *Diana's beauty does Latona blefs.*
 (25.) But fuch a face as (26.) *Lucrece* did poffefs
 You fhould not pray for, warn'd by her diftreffs:
 Her fhape and form, the fair (27.) *Virginia*
 Should wifh to change with Hunch-back't (28.) *Rutila*:
 A handsome proper Son does always make
 His *anxious Parents* tremble for his fake.
For Beauty rarely agrees with Modesty
 Tho' your plain *House* void of all *luxury*
 Infufes nought but *virtuous manners*, there,
 And imitates what ancient (29.) *Sabines* were.
 Suppose kind *Nature* of her bounteous *Grace*
Chafte inclinations in the mind does place,
 And *modest blood* oft rifes in the face,
 (How could fhe better for a *Youth* provide?
 No care, no *Guardian* can fo watch or guide
 As *Nature*). Yet fcarce can they Men remain;
 The (30.) *Impudent Corrupter* dares with gain
 To tempt the *Parents*, by his lavish hand,
 And thinks that nothing can his bribes withftand:
 No *Tyrant Boys deform'd* e're guèlded yet.
 No *Noble Youth* with *Bandy-leggs* was fit
 For *Nero's* luft, nor (31.) *Sporus* would he make
 Of one with *out-bow'd-breaf*, or *Bunch in's back*:
 Go and rejoyce at your Sons beauty now;
 Who yet muft greater dangers undergo.
 A common lewd *Adul'ter* he'll become;
 From injur'd *Husbands* rage fearing what doom
 They pleafe to execute. Nor happier yet
 Than *Planet* (32.) *Mars*; always to fcape the *Net*.

[30]

— pulcra gaudet Latona Diana,
 Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
 Ipsa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
 Accipere, atq; suum Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
 Corporis egregii, miseros, trepidosq; Parentes
 Semper habet. Rara est adeo concordia formæ
 Atq; pudicitiae; sanctos licet horrida mores
 Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas.
 Præterea castum ingenium, Vultumq; modesto
 Sanguine ferventem tribuat Natura benigna
 Larga manu, (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
 Custode & cura natura potentior omni?)
 Non licet esse viros: Nam prodiga corruptoris
 Improbis ipsos audet tentare Parentes,
 Tanta in muneribus fiducia. Nullus ephebum
 Deformem sæva castravit in arce Tyrannus:
 Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripedem, nec
 Strumosum, atq; utero pariter, gibboq; tumentem,
 Inunc & Juvenis specie lætare tui, quem
 Majora expectant discrimina. Fiet Adulter
 Publicus, & pœnas metuit, quascunq; mariti
 Irati debent: nec erit felicius astro
 Martis, ut in laqueo nunquam incidat. —

—exigit

Their rage will yet more punishments impose,
 Than to their rage yet any Law allows.
 Some by the *Sword*, to *Death* th' *Adulterers* put
 With *bloody stripes*, their *tender Flesh* some cut,
 (33.) By some a Mullets ramm'd into the gut.
 But your (33) *Endymion* your *lovely Youth*,
 By *beauteous Matrons* must be lov'd forsooth;
 Yet when *deform'd* (35.) *Servilia* please to pay,
 Tho her he hates, he will her lust obey,
 Who'l give her *Cloths* and *Jewels* all away.
 For what he waits, at any rate she'll buy,
 And for this sport she nothing can deny.
 Even (36.) *Hippia*, or (37.) *Catulla*, or who e're,
 Or *stingy*, or *crois-humour'd* did appear,
 Shows all her *breeding* and *good nature* here.
 (38.) But to the *chast* what harm can beauty do?
 (39.) Yes, what avail'd (40.) *Hyppolitus* his Vow?
 And *chast* (41.) *Bellerophon's* resolution too?
 When *Stenobæa's* desperate shame; and spight
 For being despis'd her fury did excite,
 Equal with *Phædra's*, they to rage most fell
 Provok'd themselves. *A Womans wrath does swell*
Beyond all rule and to the utmost height,
When e're confounding shame adds spurrs to hate.
 What would you do if you were in his case?
 The (42.) *best* and *fairest* of *Patrician Race*
 Is destin'd by the *lust* of *Cæsar's Wife*
 To Marry her: to certain loss of Life.
 He is by (43.) *Messalina's* love ensnar'd.

She

[32]

————— *exigit autem*

*Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori
Concessit. Necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quosdam mæchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectæ fiet Adulter
Matronæ: Mox cum dederit Servilia nummos
Fiet & illius, quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. Quid enim ulla negaverit udis
Inguinibus, siue est hæc Hippia, siue Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic Fæmina mores.
Sed casto quid forma nocet, quid profuit immo
Hippolito grave propositum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu fastidita repulso,
Nec Sthenobæa minus quam Cressa excanduit, & se
Concussere ambæ. Mulier sævissima tunc est,
Cum stimulos odio pudor admovent. Elige quidnam
Suadendum esse putes, cui nubere Cæsaris Uxor
Destinat. Optimus hic & formosissimus idem
Gentis Patriciæ rapitur miser exstinguendus
Messalinæ oculis:*

F

————— *dudum*

She with her *wedding Garment* sits prepar'd ;
 The *Bed* is publickly ith' *Gardens* made,
 And as of *ancient rite* the *Noble portion's* paid.
 The (44.) *Auspex* present, and the (45.) *Notaries*;
 None but a *lawful Marriage* will suffice.
 (46.) D' ye think this secret trusted to a few ?
 Declare your *Judgment* now, What will you do ?
 If you refuse the sin, you dye that day,
 And gain but little time if you obey.
 Till the News blaz'd about the Streets, of *Rome*
Happens at length to th' *Emp'rors Ears* to come ;
 For he last hears his *Familles disgrace*.
 Obey her, if you hold a few days space.
 Of Life so dear. What e're you shall think fit,
 You your (49.) fair *Neck* must to the *Sword* submit.
 Shall man then pray for nought ? If you advise
 With me ; *To th' all disposing Deities*
The care of us, and our affairs submit,
And for what's pleasant, they'l bestow what's fit.
To Heav'n man's dearer than e himself we find,
We often by a strong impulse of mind,
Sway'd by blind lust, would be in Marriage join'd,
Then pray for Children. But the Gods foresee
What Children they, and what a Wise she'll be.

————— Dudum sedet illa parato
 Flammeolo, Tyriusq; palam genialis in hortis
 Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
 Antiquo: Veniet cum signatoribus Auspex.
 Hæc tu secreta & paucis commissa putabis?
 Non nisi legitime vult nubere: quid placeat, dic:
 Ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas.
 Si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
 Nota Urbi & populo contingat Principis aures.
 Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus: interea Tu
 Obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
 Paucorum. Quidquid melius leviusq; putaris,
 Præbenda est Gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
 Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis,
 Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusq; sit utile nostris.
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæq; dabunt Dii.
 Carior est illis homo quam sibi. Nos animorum
 Impulsu & cæca magna; cupidine ducti,
 Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris: at illis
 Notum qui Pueri, qualisq; futura sit Uxor.

Yet—

That you may ask, and offer at some *Shrine*
 Or *Holy place*, your (48.) *Sausages Divine*,
 And the choice *entrails* of a pure *white Swine*.
Pray for a healthful body, a sound mind
That's never to the fear of Death inclin'd,
Which bravely can all toyl and pain surmount,
And Death'mongst Natures benefis account.
Which knows no wrath, covets not any thing
Which can despise the soft (49.) Assyrian King,
And e're his love, feasts, luxury and ease,
Will the hard labours chuse, and griefs of Hercules.
I show you what you to your self may give,
Through Virtues path to quiet live w' arrive.
 (50.) *Fortune thou art no Goddess to the Wise,*
Fools make thee so, and seat thee in the Skies.

Finis Satyr 10:

*Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasq; sacellis
 Extā, & candiduli Divina tomacula porci:
 Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
 Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem:
 Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat:
 Naturæ. Qui ferre quæat quoscunq; labores,
 Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil, & potiores
 Herculis ærumnas credat sævosq; labores,
 Et venere & cænis & pluma Sardanapali.
 Monstro quod ipse Tibi possis dare. Semita certe
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
 Nullum Numen habes si sit Prudentia: Nos te,
 Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloq; locamus.*

Finis Sat. 10.

Illustrations on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

(1.) **T**HE Spaniards call it *Cadiz*, corruptly *Calis*, we call it *Cales*, an Island situate at the South-side of *Spain*, without the *Streights of Gibraltar*, where they feign'd *Hercules* to have set up two Pillars with his *Ne plus ultra*. This the *Ancients* thought to be the farthest part of the *Earth Eastward*.

(2.) The great *River* in the *East-Indies*, dividing them into two parts, *extra* and *intra Gangem*: The old *Scholiast* says, *Juvenal* means the whole *Earth* by *Synecdoche*.

(3.) Here I differ from *Lubin*, and *Farnaby*, (as Mr. *Holyday* does) who interpret *dextro pede* with most prosperous *Auspices*. For tho' *Turnebus* says, *Lib. 29. cap. 35. Dextra cum erant, Numina favere credebantur, Læva contra. Yet in auspiciis quæ sinistra sunt bene eventura putantur* among the *Romans* says *Alex. ab Alex. gen. dier. lib. 5. cap. 13. in taking their Auspicia*, the Thunder and Lightning was supposed to come from the right hand of the *God*, when it was on the left hand of the *Auspex*. *Læva auspicia* answer to *dextra Numina*; and so *vice versa*, and so *intonuit Lævum Æneid 2.* is expounded by *Dona-tus*. So that *dextro pede* could not be meant in *Farnaby*, and *Lubins* sense. But the *Romans* thinking the Right Limbs were naturally more strong and worthy than the Left, superstitiously fancied, That that Progress was luckiest that begun with the right Foot. Some Jockies here among us superstitiously believe, That if the Horse step out of the Stable with his right foot he will win the Race, otherwise not.

(4.) I have

[38]

(4.) I have Translated *faciles* literally, easy; because I take it to be as good *English* as it is *Latin*.

(5.) *Milo* was a Man of *prodigious* strength as *Strabo* writes of him: But going through a Forrest in *Italy*, seeing an Oak in part split, he endeavour'd to rend it farther, and it closed with a spring upon him, and held him till he became a prey to Wild Beasts.

(6.) Tho' *Juvenal* calls them *Brittish Whales*, and *Lubin* says, they are the greatest that are; yet we scarce see one in an Age here, and then not the greatest.

(7.) *Caius Cassius Longinus* a very rich Lawyer, *Nero* commanded his Eyes to be put out, and afterwards order'd him to be kill'd; upon pretence of having *Cassius* his Image who stab'd *Julius Cæsar* in his House: But the true reason was for his great wealth.

(8.) *Nero's Tutor*, an excellent *Moral Philosopher*, he had most magnificent Gardens, and was prodigiously Rich; as *Tacitus* says, *lib. 13*. That in the fourth year of *Nero* he was worth 100000 *Sestertia*; which Mr. *Holyday* computes to be 781250 *l. Sterling*, and he improved this Estate four years after that. At the command of *Nero*, his Veins were cut, and he bled to death: He was accused by *Ruffus*, and *Tigellinus*, upon pretence that he was in *Pisa's* Conspiracy.

(9.) *Plantius Lateranus* appointed *Consul*, whom *Nero* commanded to be kill'd, so suddenly, that he would not give leave that he should embrace his Children. *Turinus* the *Tribune* dispatched him, *Tacit. 15*.

(10.) Poor People always lay in the Cock-lofts, into which they climbed with Ladders, *Juven. Satyr. 3*.

(11.) *Contus* signifies a *Quant* or *Sprett*, with which they shove Boats; it also signifies a stronger sort of Spear, and a Weapon wherewith they used to fight with wild Beasts: But I take it here to be a strong Staff with an Iron
at.

at the end of it; like that which Tinkers, Pedlers, and Foot-pads use: And therefore I have Translated it a *Quarter-staff*; and Foot-pads Rob most in the night.

(12.) *Vows or Prayers*, which when they were asham'd of, they did, *susurrare*, mumble them in secret; but otherwise they spoke 'em loud, as *Perfius* says, *aperto vi-vere voto*.

(13.) The *Senators* and great wealthy men were wont to put their Money in *Iron Chests*, and place them in the *forum* for fear of Fire. First in *Mars* his *Temple* in the *Forum* of *Augustus*, till that was Rob'd, which the *Poet* mentions *Sat. 14.* after that in the *Temple* of *Castor* and *Pollux*, which was in the *Forum Romanum*; after that in *Trajan's Forum*, and as the old *Scholiast* says, the place was call'd *Opes*.

(14.) Because the Poor drink in them, whom none hate, envy, or would supplant.

(15.) The *Romans* used to drink in Golden Cups adorn'd with Precious Stones. *Vid. Sat. 5.* from the 37th. Line to the 46th.

(16.) Excellent Wine named from *Setia* a Town or City in *Campania*.

(17.) The *Commentators* doubting about this place say, That *Ardebit* may signify that Wine looks of a flame colour in Gold Cups; or that it may be applied to the burning poyson in the Cup: I am bold to apply it to the Wine, and translate it *Sparkle*.

(18.) *Democritus* of *Abdera* a City in *Thrace*, an *Anatomical Philosopher*, who, whenever he stir'd out, laugh'd continually at the vanities and follies of mankind, therefore surnamed *Gelasius* the *Laugher*. Some People sent *Hippocrates* to him, taking him to be mad; but *Hippocrates* thought him otherwise.

(19.) *He-*

[41]

(19.) *Heracitus* a *Philosopher* of *Ephesus*, who always wept at the follies, villanies and miseries of mankind, he liv'd in the time of the last *Darius* ; he was fir-named *enolous* for his obscure stile.

(20.) A White Mantle border'd with Purple, worn by *Consuls*, *Dictators*, *Prætors*, and great men who had born great Offices ; and by the Sons of *Noblemen*, till they put on the *manly Gown*.

(21.) A *Robe* or *Manile* of which there were three sorts, one all Purple for the *Gods*, another streak'd with beams of White and Purple for *Kings* ; and a Third of Purple and Scarlet, worn by the *Augur* when he took his Augury. See *Alex. ab Alex. gen. Dier. lib. 5. cap. 18.*

(22.) *Horse-litters* which were very lofty, and magnificently rich, in which they might sit or lye, carried by their Slaves. See *Sat. 3.*

(23.) The bundle of *Rods* carried before *Dictators*, *Consuls*, and the *Prætor Urbanus*, with an Ax bound to it, not in it.

(24.) The place at the end of the *Judgment Hall* raised and rounded, where stood the *Sella Curulis*, or *Judgment-seat*, on which the *Prætor* sat.

(25.) The place where the *Romans* saw Chariot-races and other Games.

(26.) Here the *Poet* makes the *Prætor* and *Consul* to be the same ; and anciently the same man was call'd by both names, *Prætor a Præcundo*, and *Consul a Consulendo Senatum* : But this was before the *Prætor Urbanus*, somewhat like our Lord Mayor was made, as *Lubin* notes from *Pedrianus*.

(27.) They were wont to stand in their *Triumphal Chariots*, *Sat. 8. lib. 3. Stantes in Curribus Æmilianos.*

(28.) These *Triumphal Robes* were brought out of the *Temple of Jupiter*, and given to him who was to *Tri-*
G
umph:

umph: See *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. Dierum, Lib. 5. cap. 18.* The *Toga* and the *Tunica* are here different most certainly, tho' some would have it otherwise.

(29.) *Publick Servants* were the Servants of the *Magistrates*, as they were *Magistrates*, and were bought in the name of the *Commonwealth*, and employ'd in publick works. This is to distinguish him from his own proper Slave.

* This Servant rode behind the Triumpher in the same Chariot, and put him in mind of Instruments of punishment affix'd to the Chariot, and cryed out to him, *Respice post te memento te esse hominem*, Look behind you, remember you are a Man, and bid him mind the Whip and the Bell. *Lubin and Farnaby.*

(30.) He that *Triumph'd* bore an *Ivory Scepter*, with an *Eagle* seeming to rise and fly from it.

(31.) *Clients* were Retainers or Followers of Great men.

(32.) The Colour of the *Mantle* or *Sleeveless Gown* for the better sort was *White*, and this they wore (as *Pancirollus* says) *Lib. 1. Tit. 43.* at all publick Shows.

(33.) They march'd on each side of his *Chariot*.

(34.) *Sportula* was the Supper or entertainment which the *Rex*, or *Patron* gave his *Clients*, which at first was a Supper, but afterwards was turn'd into Money: As here it is meant, *Defossa in Loculis quos Sportula fecit Amicos*. When they entertain'd them liberally at Supper, it was call'd *Cena recta*: but the more *proud* and *sordid* great men gave them out Baskets of Meat, and Money at their doors. See *Sat. 1. line 95.* where *Juvenal* lashes the baseness of a *proud luxurious* fellow, who would have Seven Dishes to himself alone, and keep out his *Clients*. 'Tis hard to imagine that free Citizens of good Condition, should be so slavish to follow the *Sportula*, as you may see, *Sat. 1. after line 95.*

(34.) *Ver-*

[43]

(34.) *Vervœcum in patria Crassoq; sub Aere nasci.* The Countrey of *Weathers*, sheepish, doltish fellows which I translate Sheeps-heads. *Crasso sub Aere*, like that in *Bœtia*, good rich Pasture, but thick moist Air. We observe here that the driest Climate. and thinnest Air, produces the quickest Wits, *Hor. in Epist. Bœotum crasso jurares in Aere natum.*

(35.) The *Ancients* were wont when they made their *Vows* to the *Gods*, to write them, some in Papers, and some in Waxen Tables, and with Wax, to fix them to the *Knees* of the *Gods*: As says *Farnaby*, the old Scholiast, *Lubin* and *Turnebus*, lib. adv. 1. cap. 21.

(36.) The *Scholiast* interprets this otherwise than *Lubin*, and in my Opinion more truly to be a *Brass Plate* fix'd under their *Images*, containing every degree of their *Titles* and *Honours*.

(37.) When any great Man was condemn'd of a capital crime, his *Statue* was pull'd down, drag'd about the *Streets*, and flung down the *Gemonies*, *Tacit. lib. 3. Annal.* See *Satyr. 8. line 18.* and *Lubin* upon it.

(38.) Their *Statues* were Erected in their *Chariots*. See *Sat. 8. Stantes in Curribus Hæmilianos.*

(39.) Here the *Poet* represents the *people* speaking to one another (not to the *Emperor* as *Lubin* would have it) to Crown their Houses with *Bays* and *Laurel*, as the Custom was in any general Joy: And this was to congratulate the *Emperors* Happiness in being deliver'd from his dangerous *Enemy Sejanus*, his chief *Minister*, and but a while before his greatest *Favourite*, whose extravagant *Ambition* had made him design the destruction of the *Emperor*; and *Usurpation*.

(40.) They used to Sacrifice a white Bull to *Jupiter*, which Colour was, as they thought, acceptable to him. To the *Cælestial Gods* they offer'd *White sacrifices*, to the *Infernal*, *Black*, says *Brittanicus*. G 2 (41) Be-

(41.) Before he speaks of his statue being dragg'd about; now of his Body, which was, like other great Malefactors bodies, drawn by a Hook in his Throat, and thrown down the *Scale Gemoniæ*, which were on the *Aventine* near the Temple of *Juno*, *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. 3. cap. 5.*

(42.) One of the Citizens speaks, beholding the *Carkass*.

(43.) Another Citizen speaks.

(44.) A third answers.

(45.) The subtle Letter which *Tyberius* sent to the Senate, which caused the immediate destruction of *Sejanus*, who was kill'd by the Soldiers, drawn thither for that purpose.

(46.) A Rocky Island not far from *Surrentum* a City in *Campania*.

(47.) Another Citizen speaks; these were not the Rabble; but as good as our Common-Council men that were.

(48.) Here the Poet speaks in his own person, for twelve lines together, of all the Crowd.

(49.) *Sejanus* was a *Tuscan*, and *Nurscia* was the *Protestress* of the Countrey; by some thought to be *Fortune*.

(50.) Since the *Emperors* had deprived them of their right of chusing their Officers by *Votes*.

(51.) *Tessera Frumentaria*, it is thought were here intended, which were Tokens brought to the Overseer, *Præfatus dividendi frumenti*, for the dividing the Corn, by which the poorer sort claim'd an allowance of Corn Monthly; but *Lubin* says it is to be understood thus, That now the people grown supine, or slothful and base, car'd for nothing but food for necessity, and Games or Races in the *Circus*.

(52.) Here

[45]

(52.) Here the Citizens speak again.

(53.) Here the *Commentators* keep a great stir about the expression *Magna est fornacula*: But it seems most naturally to be meant of the *Emperor's Breast*; which tho' little, has great rage or heat in it.

(54.) *Lubin* applies *Victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax*, to the *Emperor*: viz. That his Cause being ill defended by the *Senate*, he would run mad, and kill Man and Beast like *Ajax*; but he says many apply it to *Brutidius*, and it seems to me that those many are in the right.

(55.) *Tiberius* had given power to *slaves* to swear against their *Masters*, contrary to the *Roman Law*. These were the better and middle sort of *Citizens*.

(56.) The private Retiring Rooms, where *Tyberius* practis'd his foul *lusts* and villanous *debaucheries*.

(57.) The *Prætorian Camp* were the Guards to the *Emperors* person, which *Sejanus* Commanded, which were incamped about the East side of *Rome*; and when the *Emperor* was in the field, they were always about his Pavilion.

(58.) *Ædiles* were the lowest of *Magistrates*, who overlook'd Weights and Measures.

(59.) *Julius Caesar*, who by his perpetual Dictatorship brought the *Roman Citizens* under his lash.

(60.) The word *Reges* and *Tyranni* were become odious to the *Romans* ever since the time of the *Tarquins*: And *Juvenal* here declares himself a *Republican*.

(61.) There was a five days *Festival* kept in *Rome* in honour to *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wit and Learning, which according to the *Roman Calender* began on the 19th. of *March*, and ended the 23d. and this was call'd the *Quinquatria*.

(62.) *Cicero's* Head and Hands were cut off, and fix'd to the *Rostra* by the command of *Antonius*: And *Demosthenes*

Demosthenes the famous *Athenian Orator*, *Plato's Scholar*, when *Antipater* succeeded *Alexander*, to prevent being apprehended by *Archias* (who was sent after him when he fled) took Poyson which he had in a Pen. See *Plutarch*.

(63.) The *Rostra* signifies the place, or the *Pulpit* from which they spoke *Oration*s to the people, call'd *Rostra* first from the *Stems* or *beaks* of *Ships* of the *Antiates*, wherewith the *Pulpit* was adorn'd.

(64.) *O fortunatam Natam me Consule Roman*, a very mean Verse, made by *Cicero*, notwithstanding *Scaliger's* vindication of it. I found it impossible to be translated; but I have written with the same fault, as *Consul Consul*.

(65.) A most incomparable *Invective Oration* of *Cicero's* against *Anthony*, which he remember'd, and paid him home for't.

(66.) The *Theatre* at *Athens* was the place where the people were wont to hear *Oration*s concerning weighty matters of the *Commonwealth*, as *Diodorus Siculus*, *Plutarch*, and *Isocrates* testify, and is to be found in the *Acts* of the *Apostles*, chap. 19. verse 29. The people rush'd, εἰς τὸ θέατρον.

(67.) *Demosthenes* his *Father* was a *Sword-cutler*.

(68.) The *Conquerors* used to put the following spoys upon the stumps of *Trees*, which were call'd *Trophies*; and this was done where they put the *Enemies* to flight in memory of the *Victory*.

(69.) Upon the gaining of some *City* or *Country* to the *Commonwealth*, they used to erect a *Triumphal Arch* of *Marble*, with *Inscriptions* in *Brass*, expressing the *Conqueror* and the *sad Captive*.

(70.) By *Barbarous Emperor* is meant the *Persian*.

(71.) The *Wild fig-tree* will grow through *Stone-walls*.

(72.) The

(72.) The famous *Carthaginian Captain*, who Warr'd Sixteen years with the *Romans*.

(73.) To the exceeding heats in the Country about *Nilus* in *Ægypt*.

(74.) A Great *Region* on the South part of *Egypt*, now called the *Abyssines*, or *Prester John's Country*.

(75.) The Mountains that part *Spain* from *France*.

(76.) The high Mountains that part *France* from *Italy* and *Germany*. As *Livy* writes, by making vast fires upon the Rocks, and pouring a huge quantity of Vinegar upon them, he broke them, and made them crumble. But this is surely thought fabulous by *Polybins*, who omits it as is supposed for that reason.

(77.) An *Elephant* from the *Getuli*, a people of *Africk*; or as *Lubin* says, from *Getulia*.

(78.) When he was Conquered by *Scipio Africanus* in *Africk*, he was Condemn'd to Banishment. He fled to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, suspecting him, he left him, and came to *Prussas* King of *Bythinia*, &c. Of him the *Romans* demanded *Hannibal* to be sent to them. *Lubin* renders *Pratoria Regis*, the King's Judgment-Seat, tho' it may be the King's Pavilion.

(79.) The Great slaughter which *Hannibal* made of the *Romans* at *Cannæ*, where so many of the *Equestrian Order* fell, that several Measures were fill'd with the *Rings* taken from their Fingers, which he sent to *Carthage*. To avoid being delivered to the *Romans* by the King of *Bythinia*, he took Poyson which he had kept in a Ring.

(80.) *Alexander* the Great, born at *Pella* a City in *Macedonia*, call'd by *Juvenal* here *Pellæus Juvenis*, who as *Plutarch* writes, hearing *Anaxagoras* discourse of infinite Worlds, wept, and being ask'd by his Friends the Reason of his weeping, *Have I not reason*, says he, *since there are*
Inff.

*Infinite Worlds, and I have with so much toyl and pain
scarce conquer'd one?*

(81.) *Gyara* was a barren, little *Rockey Island* in the *Ægean Sea*, one of the *Cyclades*, whither the *Romans* used to Banish people, see *Satyr 1. Ande aliquod brevibus Gyaris.*

(82.) *Seryphus* one of the *Cyclades*, or *Sporades* too.

(83.) Here at *Babylon* *Cassander* Poyson'd him.

(84.) *Athos* a *Promontory* of *Macedonia*, said to be cut off from the *Continent* by *Xerxes*; and that then he Sail'd with all his *Fleet* about it.

(85.) The *Sea* betwixt *Sestos* and *Abidos*, which he joyr'd by a *Bridg* as *Justin* says, *lib. 2.* It was of little *Ships*, or great *Boats*.

(86.) The *Persian* *Emperor*.

(87.) A *Greek* *Poet* who writ of this *Expedition* into *Greece*, who *Juvenal* thinks wrote when he was almost drunk, he wrote so extravagantly.

(88.) An *Island* belonging to *Attica*, near which *Themistocles* in a *Sea-fight* gave him a total defeat.

(89.) For breaking his *Bridg* of *Ships*, or great *Boats* as he did.

(90.) *Corns* is a *Westerly* *Wind*, and *Eurns* *Easterly*.

(91.) The *God* of the *Winds*, who is said to keep the *Winds* in *Caves*, or *Prisons*, and at his pleasure to let them loose. See *Neptunes* *Speech* to him in the *Æneids*.

(92.) *Neptune* the *God* of the *Sea*, who was feign'd to cause *Earthquakes* with a blow of his *Trident*, whom *Xerxes* was said to Fetter when he made his *Bridg*.

(93.) When *Slaves* ran away, and were taken again, they *Branded* them on the *forehead*.

(94.) A great *Wood* upon the *Coast* of *Africk*, full of *Monkies* and *Baboons*.

(95.) *Wife*

[49]

(95.) Wife to *Vicento* a Senator, who ran away from her Husband with *Sergius*, a Gladiator, to Egypt, Sat. 6. v. 83.

(96.) *Themison* was a great Physician commended by *Pliny* and *Celsus*.

(97.) Those of the Provinces which were Conquered, and had the Priviledges of *Romani*, were call'd *Socii*, or *Associates*.

(98.) A *Præfēt* or Governor of Provinces.

(99.) *Irus* a notorious cheating Guardian; by *Lubin* he is call'd *Irus*, by *Schrevelius* his Edition, with the *Notæ variorum*, he is call'd *Hircus*.

(100.) A Lewd Common Whore, Sat. 6. v. 307.

(1.) A filthy Sodomitical Schoolmaster.

(2.) *Licinius*, or as some will have it, *Cinnamus*, who in *Juvenal's* youth was his Barber, now a rich Senator, as the *Scholiast* and *Lubin* say. The Poet here repeats the same Verse of him which he wrote of him in the first *Satyre*, Vers. 25.

(3.) An Infamous Common Strumpet, who had been long in a Bandy-house before he had her; she stood at the door to inveigle Passengers. No doubt the Poet had some one in his Eye who had done this.

(4.) The Romans lay'd the Bodies of the Dead upon a Funeral Pile, burn'd them, and put the Ashes into an Urn with the Bones. These Urns were Vessels of Earth or Brass, holding four Gallons and a half a piece; and so they placed the better sort in Stately Vaults belonging to their Families. *Pancirollus* tells us, Lib. 1. Tit. 62. To preserve the Ashes from mixing with other Ashes, they wrapt the Body in a Sheet made of a sort of Flax called *Asbestinum* and *Asbeston*, mentioned by *Pliny*, lib. 29. cap. 1. which would not burn, and fire did but cleanse it, which is now to be seen.

H

(5.) Nester

(5.) *Nestor King of Pylos*, who liv'd almost 300 years, The Crow they believed to live 900.

(6.) The Ancient *Greeks* reckon'd their Figures to a Hundred upon the Left hand, and to a Thousand upon the Right; so when he had lived past a 100, he reckon'd his Age upon his Right hand.

(7.) The Father of *Achilles* was so unhappy to live till old age, to bewail the death of his Son, treacherously slain by Darts by *Paris* and *Deiphobus* in *Apollo's Temple*, when he thought to have Married *Polixena*.

(8.) *Ulysses*, for whom his old Father *Laertes* mourn'd while he wandred for Ten years at Sea, after the Siege of *Troy*, ere he could get home again. He was call'd *Ithacus* from *Ithaca* an Island in the *Ionian Sea*, of which he was Lord. The Poet insinuates that these two old men had been happier if they had died before these Misfortunes of their Sons.

(9.) *Priam* the last King of *Troy*, slain by *Pyrrhus* at the destruction of *Troy*, after he had reigned Fifty two years.

(10.) *Priam's*, Son *Priam*, had 49 Sons more and 12 Daughters.

(11.) *Priam's* Daughter a Prophetess.

(12.) *Polixena* another Daughter very fair, whom *Achilles* desired in Marriage, &c. And after the destruction of *Troy*, in revenge for *Achilles* his death, was kill'd by his Son *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus* upon his Fathers Tomb.

(13.) Another Son of *Priam's*, who set out a Fleet to steal *Helena* the Wife of *Menelaus*, which was the occasion of the destruction of *Troy* after ten years siege.

(14.) Where he was slain by *Pyrrhus*.

(15.) The old useless Ox, for there was a Law both among the *Romans* and the *Gracians*, *De non mactando bove aratore*, not to kill a Plowing Ox, despised by the ungrateful

grateful Plow, is a very bold *Catechrests*, but 'tis my *Authors*.
Ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.

(14.) *Hecuba* Wife to *Priam*, who for her perpetual reproaching the *Greeks*, and lamenting the fate of her Husband, Children, and the *Trojans*, was feign'd to be turn'd into a Bitch.

(15.) *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, aged fixty nine years, had Reign'd fifty seven, Warr'd against the *Romans* forty; being at last wholly overthrown, when he could not dye by Poyson, having in his life time, as 'tis said, constantly taken Antidotes against it, made one of his Soldiers kill him. See *Florus*, lib. 3. cap. 5.

(16.) King of *Lydia*, the richest Man then living, shewing his Treasure to *Solon*, one of the Seven wise Men of *Greece*, and Law-giver to the *Athenians*, ask'd him if he had known any Man happier than himself? To whom *Solon* replied, he had known several; and instanc'd in them, telling him he must look to the end; for no Man could be judged happy till they had seen all his life——and *Ovid* says,—*Diciq; beatus*

Nemo ante obitum supremag; funera Debet.

(17.) *Marius* surnamed *Cajus*, born of a very obscure Family; see *Sat.* 8. v. 245. by his Valour raised himself: He was six times *Consul* before *Sylla* forc'd him to fly, when he was put to miserable shifts to save his life. *Minturva's* Fenns are in *Latium*, now call'd *Campania di Roma*, where he was catch'd and Imprison'd; one was sent to Execute him, but he was astonish'd at the majestic presence of him, and could not do it; from thence he escaped, fled to *Carthage*, and beg'd in the Ruines of that City: afterwards he was recall'd by *Cinna*, and a seventh time made *Consul*. See *Plutarch*.

(18.) The Chariot in which he was carried when he Triumph'd over the *Cimbri*, a people of *Denmark* and *Holstein*; and the *Tentones*, a people of *Germany* call'd *Tuesch*, or *Offerlings*.

(19.) After his overthrow at *Pharsalia*, he fled to *Egypt*, where, by the Treachery of *Ptolomy*, his Head was cut off.

(20.) One of the Conspiracy with *Cataline*, who was strangled in Prison.

(21.) Another of the Conspirators, who died the same Death.

(22.) The chief Conspirator, who died fighting with his Enemies. See *Salust*.

(23.) Here my Author passes to Beauty.

In the Temple of Venus the Goddess of Beauty.

(24.) The Goddess of Hunting, Daughter to *Latona* and *Jupiter*.

(25.) Here the Poet Answers the Question supposed to be ask'd by the Mother, *Why do you blame me?*

(26.) *Lucretia* the Wife of *Collatinus*, for her Beauty Ravish'd by *Tarquin*, upon which she killed her self.

(27.) The Daughter of a Captain, *Virginus*, whom *Appius*, one of the *Decemviri*, caused his Pimp *Clodius* to claim as his *Bondwoman*, that he might the more easily corrupt her; at which her Father slew her: See *Florus*, lib. 1. cap. 14. The Rape of *Lucrece* was the occasion of the Expulsion of their *Kings*, and *Kingly Authority*; and the fate of *Virginia*, was the occasion of the abolishing the Government of the *Decemviri*, with the death of *Appius* and *Clodius*.

(28.) An ugly crooked Woman, who lived till she was 97 years old: *Pliny*, lib. 7. takes notice of her.

(29.) A

[53]

(29.) A People of *Italy*, near *Rome*, famous for the *Chastity* of their Women, and their *Piety* and *Religion* to the Gods: A People who lived plainly, homely, and virtuously.

(30.) This Corrupter, is either he that would make a *Pathick* of the handsome Boy, or Gueild him, and in both Cases they may be said not to remain men.

(31.) *Sperus* was a youth whom *Nero* endeavour'd to turn into a Woman, by Guelding, &c. and Incision.

(32.) Whom *Vulcan* caught in a Net while he was lying with *Venus*, feign'd to be a Planet.

(33.) It was an Ancient punishment of *Adulterers* among the *Romans*, to take the *Mugilis*, which we Translate a *Mullet*, but it must be unlike ours, a very prickly Fish, which they ramm'd up the Fundament. The *Athenians* punish'd them in like manner with a *Raddish-Root*.

(34.) A Nick name, Ironically given to this Mothers nown Son, from *Endymion*, beloved by the *Moon*, as the Poets feign.

(35.) *Lubin* calls this *Servilia*, Mother to *M. Brutus*; if it were she, he must mean deform'd by Age, for she was Concubine to *Julius Caesar*: nor could she be living now.

(36.) A Noble, Rich, and Prodigal Woman.

(37.) A Rich and Covetous Woman.

(38.) A Question put by the Mother.

(39.) The Poet Answers.

(40.) *Hyppolitus* the Son of *Theseus* King of *Athens*, whom his Mother in Law *Phadra* fell in Love with, and when he refused her, enraged thereat, she accused him to her Husband of attempting to Ravish her. He fled from his Fathers rage, the *Horses* in the Chariot being frightened by two *Sea Monsters*, ran away up to the *Hills*, and he and his Chariot were torn in Pieces. He had made a Vow of *Chastity*, and follow'd *Hunting*, wherefore

fore *Diana* requested *Æsculapius*, as they feign, to restore him to life, which was done, and he went afterwards into *Italy*, where he was call'd, *Virbius quia bis Vir*.

(41.) The Son of *Glaucus King* of *Ephyra*, whom *Sthenobea* Wife to *Prætus King* of the *Argives* was so taken with, that She courted him to lye with her, which he refusing, she accused him to her Husband of attempting her, which cost *Bellerophon* abundance of troubles and dangers, and hardly could he scape with life at last.

(42.) *Cajus Silius* who was appointed to be *Consul*.

(43.) The Wife of *Claudius* the *Emperor*, mention'd *Sat. 6.* who when *Claudius* went but to *Ostia*, would needs Marry this *Cajus Silius* publickly, with all the Ceremonies used at publick Marriages.

(44.) The *Auspex* was always present at the Marriage, and sacrificed, &c.

(45.) The *Notaries* were by to see the Writings sign'd and seal'd.

(46.) This is spoken to *Silius*:

(47.) Here he intimates that his Beauty was the cause of his death; he was afterwards Crucified by *Claudius* his Command, before *Messalina's* Eyes.

The old Scholiast makes *Claudius* to be by, and sign the Marriage Writings, dissembling his consent.

(48.) *Tomacula* were pieces of *Liver* and *Pork* inclosed in the Guts of the *Hog*, and like what we call *Sausages*.

Swine were the most Ancient *Sacrifices*, as *Varro* says.

(49.) *Sardanapalus*, the last *King* of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, so excessively *Effeminate* and *Luxurious*, that his *Captains* conspired against him to kill him: But he made a *Pile* of all his precious things, and burn'd himself in his *Palace*.

(50.) The labours of *Hercules* are so commonly spoken of, they need not be told here.

(51.) I

[55]

(51.) I here follow the *Lovre* Print, and another Edition, in little, which I have seen.

*Nullum numen habes, si sit Prudentia nos te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cæloq; locamus.*

which seems to express the *Author's* meaning better than the common reading:

*Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia sed te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cæloq; locamus.*

*No Deity is wanting to the Wise;
We Fools make Fortune so, and place her in the Skies.*

I have follow'd the former, because I think he does not mean that the Gods are always on the Wise-mens side, who are often unsuccessful; or that wise men needed no Gods, who had bidden 'em leave all to the Gods before; but that they had no need of the assistance of Fortune for a quiet life, and Fortune is no Deity to the wise, but to Fools.

*Fortune thou art no Goddess to the Wise.
Fools make thee so, and place thee in the Skies.*

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

IN the Epistle, page 2. instead of *I must think*, read *I may think*. In the Translation, p. 1. for *Longinus*, *Longinus*. p. 2. for *Aurorem*, *Auroram*; for *extuperans*, *exsuperans*; for *noſte*, *noſte*. p. 4. for *codem*, *eodem*. p. 6. R. *fortune*. p. 7. for 'am, 'em. p. 14. for *induperator* with a little I, a great one. p. 12. for *poſuit*, *potuit*. p. 15. for *Captive*, *Captain*. p. 26. for *ſtamine*, *ſtamine*. p. 28. for *Optandos*, *Optandas*. p. 32. for *Immo*, *Olim*; tho' the Edition with the Note *Variorum*, has it *Immo*. p. 38. for *Piſa's*, *Piſo's*. p. 1. for *Conſul*, *Conſul*.